

## THE MAN WHO WHISTLED

By Frank H. Williams.

Maribel Olds was puzzled. Her pretty forehead was creased by a frown of thought and her pretty lips were pursed in speculation. Was it merely accident that made bashful Harry Cochran always whistle some sentimental ditty when he was near Alice Brown? Alice and Maribel were inseparable friends, and consequently Maribel was intensely interested in any love affair of her chum, and then—well, Maribel had a tender spot in her heart for Harry herself.

She decided to put the question point-blank to Harry. He might answer it or not—at any rate, he would become delightfully embarrassed, and Maribel took an unholy joy in pestering him.

Consequently, when Harry passed the two girls loudly whistling, "Wont You Be Mah Honey, Baby Mine?" she released her arm from Alice's engaging hand and advanced to Harry.

"Harry," she said, a mischievous light in her eyes, "is it because you're crazy about Alice that you whistle those lovesick melodies when you see her?"

To Maribel's intense surprise Harry failed to turn red. He merely glanced at her with a whimsical air, and then, touching his hat, walked off. But as he walked he whistled, "Can't You Guess the Answer, Dolly Darling?"

Although considerably surprised at Harry's self-possession, Maribel decided that his answer

was sufficient. He was in love with Alice. She could not suppress an involuntary sigh as she rejoined her chum. Harry was a dear boy, and she felt sure that he would make Alice very happy.

Late that afternoon, after leaving Alice at the latter's house, she again met Harry. He walked home with Maribel and again she was surprised. He did not appear to be embarrassed or bashful in the slightest degree. Evidently being in love had affected a great improvement in him. Then, when he left her at the gate, he started whistling a new tune. Maribel recognized it as the air of a new song, just out. The title of the song was "I'm Longing, Dear, to Hold You in My Arms."

Although Maribel knew that the song was not meant for her, it thrilled her strangely. She felt the blood rush to her face, and ashamed of her weakness, she hurried into the house.

A night or so later Harry was to call on Maribel. She had debated whether she should allow him, as she felt that he was in love with another girl, but had finally decided that as he was not publicly engaged it would be all right. As Harry mounted the steps of her house that evening, she heard his inevitable whistle. This time the tune was that of "Sweetheart, I've a Tale of Love to Tell You."

That was the last straw. Maribel decided that she could not allow Harry to whistle such tunes at her or to her any longer. Of